

A P P A R I T I O N

OF THE

G H O S T of General C——n,

Which appeared to the Man who wore the yellow Sash at the Battle of Dettingen.

APPARITIONS in former Times were so common, that it was nothing extraordinary to hear of the Ghost of the departed appearing to his Fijend on Earth; but an Apparition like this is hardly to be equall'd in sacred or profane History; the only Instance that bears Comparison to it is the Ghok of *Eustace Budgett*, Esq; to the Gentleman with a *blue Garter*, for as he had often drawn his Pen in Defence of the Rights and Privileges of his Country, which that Gentleman had endeavoured frequently to destroy, so General *Clayton* had at various Times drawn his Sword for the Protection of his Country, and put himself at the Head of those Troops which the Gentleman in the *Yellow Sash* disdain'd to be led with.

The Clock had just struck One, when, like the Ghost of *Hamlet's* Father shining in Armour, with his Beard up, stalk'd in the Ghost of this never to be forgotten *Hero*, carrying in his Countenance the Appearance both of Disdain and Anger. Fear struck the yellow Gentleman to the Soul, his Legs, as unsteady as his Temper, was hardly able to support his debouch'd Carnals; and in a low and quivering Speech, by the help of a few words, he implored the Lord's Protection.

After he had rallied up his terrify'd Spirits so much as to be in some Measure Master of his small share of Understanding, in a hollow but distinct Voice, the disturbed Spirit of *Clayton* made the following Exclamation.

Canst thou, ungrateful Wretch, in so barefac'd a Manner display at once both thy Ignorance and Knavery? Is Red a Colour to be slighted? Does it not sail all over the Globe, and every Nation of the Earth pay tribute to it, and on riper Occasions would not the world tremble at its Presence? How then canst thou slight that which others adore, and like the Ass in the Fable, prefer Thistles to Gras? The Remembrance of former Favours ought to have a little Influence on you, but the Blessings you at present enjoy under that auspicious Colour would never be disdain'd by any except a worthless insignificant Mortal. I from the Realms of Night have paid thee this Visit, to save, if possible, by friendly Advice, thy total Destruction. The Lion once rous'd to Anger is not easily pacify'd, and a Storm is much better prevented than appeased. Shew by your future Conduct that you have repented of your Folly, and set the Red which you have disdain'd, claim the better Part of your Affections. The Cock, the Trumpeter to the Morning, proclaims the approaching Day; I go, but in Absence remember me, and imprint this useful Lesson on your Memory.

*The Lion is a true and trusty Friend,
The Horse, alas! can poor Assistance lend;
The Lion rous'd, will seize upon his Prey,
The Horse can't fight, But he can run away.*

At the Conclusion of this Speech he disappeared, and the Gentleman in yellow fainted away; but the Servants led by a strong Smell immediately enter'd the Room, and upon taking him up and rubbing his Temples, they found no other Document had been done than the spoiling the lining of his Bed-ches.